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My Note Book.

Leonato.—Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?
Don John.—Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
—*Much Ado About Nothing.*



NY afternoon during the London season, strolling from Oxford circus through Bond Street, into Piccadilly, one can easily chip out change for half a sovereign in paying for admission to this or that special exhibition of paintings. It is getting to be very much the same in New York. Just now, besides the "Christ on Calvary" at the Tabernacle, there is Mr. W. B. Waring's exhibition of "The Wise and Foolish Virgins," by Piloty, at Yandell's gallery, and a little higher up the Avenue Mr. G. L. Carmer exploits Otto Wolf's painting, "Christ and the Adulteress"—three separate exhibitions of Munich art, affording certainly abundant opportunity for comparative study; albeit the opportunities would be better if the pictures could be seen by the light of day, instead of under the theatrical conditions of gas-light and gorgeous canopies instituted by the eminent dispenser of art and whiskey at the Hoffman House. It is reported that Makart's big painting of "Diana and her Nymphs" is also to be fitted up for exhibition, with appropriate flamboyant devices to secure the popular favor. Then New York may indeed be said to revel in Munich art. But the National Art Censor, Mr. Comstock, is on the war-path at present, and there is no saying what he may have to say about permitting an exhibition of the Makart picture.

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It is always interesting to study the art of Piloty in connection with that of Munkácsy, which, while differing from it in certain respects, owes to it more than to any other influence. The Hungarian's rich impasto, the glitter, the forced chiaroscuro, the broad handling, amounting almost to impressionism—all these are derived from his Munich training, and are all to be recognized in "The Wise and Foolish Virgins." But that picture is conspicuous for one Piloty characteristic—a certain stilted, theatrical effect in composition—which we, happily, look for in vain in Munkácsy. It is this disagreeable quality, apparently inseparable from the so-called "grand manner" affected by painters like Piloty, that more than anything else mars one's pleasure in contemplating this large and decorative canvas, which, it cannot be denied, is full of academic learning. The treatment of the subject is dignified and simple: The semi-chorus of the wise are starting joyfully to meet the bridegroom, who, for them, though not for the spectator, is already in sight. One of the wise virgins, with very hateful expression, haughtily refuses the request of one of the foolish sisters to fill her lamp; another raises her own lamp triumphantly with both hands, while a third one supplies hers with oil. In the foreground a maiden protects the flame of her lamp against the draught. The despair of the foolish virgins is tragic, and wins them the sympathy of the observer, chiefly because of the cruel demeanor toward them of their more happy sisters.

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THE composition of Piloty is not new to this country, there being a small replica of the painting in the Catharine Wolfe collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. There has been some discussion as to which of the pictures was painted first, but somewhat unnecessarily, because obviously the Wolfe picture is the finished study from which the large canvas was painted, just as the small "Thusnelda at the Triumph of Germanicus," in the Metropolitan Museum, is known to be the original study from which Piloty painted his big picture of the same subject in the Pinachotek in Munich. An amusing explanation is given of the fact that "The Wise and Foolish Virgins" was not sold during the artist's lifetime; to wit, that the faces are those of personal friends of his, which were not to be exposed to public view; reminding one of the ridiculous story—started to advertise the picture—that the nude beauties walking in the procession in Makart's "Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp" were portraits of ladies of the imperial court. The yarn about the original models for "The Wise and Foolish Virgins," however, is made really startling by the supplemental declaration of a New York morning paper, that some of the ladies are "the daughters of the composer Lizst." Is that not, really, almost enough to make the good Abbé turn in his grave?

OTTO WOLF'S "Christ and the Adulteress," while not a great picture, has strong points which promise well for the young artist's future. The defect in the composition of the central group—with Christ subordinated by the tall, imposing Pharisee who is arguing with Him—appears to have occurred to the painter himself; for accessory figures seem to have been introduced as an afterthought, to correct this undue prominence of the Pharisee. This change seems to have called also for the creation of the balancing mass to the right of the group. The result is not fortunate, for the picture appears overweighted. The Christ is less the conventional, fair-haired Greek we are accustomed to than a handsome, intellectual-looking young German; but the figure is well posed and full of dignity. The kneeling woman, whose face is not seen, is of the same blonde type, in striking contrast with all the other figures in the picture, which are strongly semitic in form and feature.

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THE season for public sales in Paris begins in October and ends at the end of June. The first sale of the season at the Hôtel Drouot was that of the effects of the opera-bouffe composer, Offenbach, which brought about \$9000. Among the few pictures of merit were a small canvas by Detaille, "Le régiment qui passe," which went for \$1240; a little study by Diaz, for \$240; a "pochade" of Berne-Bellecour, for \$95, and a very small panel by Vibert, representing a Spaniard looking at a theatrical bill-board on which appears the name of Offenbach, which brought \$134. The gold-mounted baton with which the composer led the hundredth performance of "Orphée aux Enfers," brought \$52.

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STRAY items of gossip have come from London from time to time about the piano and furniture designed by Alma Tadema for the music-room of Mr. Henry G. Marquand's new house, and the ceiling painted by Sir Frederick Leighton for the same sumptuously appointed apartment has been fully described in these columns. Nothing published, however, has given any idea of the house as a whole, and the following notes describe it for the first time. It is now nearly ready for occupation. It cannot be said to be finished, however, because its embellishment will doubtless go on as long as its owner lives, and such rare and costly objects as will satisfy his exacting taste are not to be had at the bidding of even a Mæcenas. But at the present stage even, Mr. Marquand's house is probably, artistically considered, the most complete of all the fine residences in this city.

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THERE are two rooms at least which are unrivalled in their originality and the intrinsic value of their appointments—the music-room and the Oriental room; but the industrial art treasures, which it has taken the owner years to collect, are worked into every part of the house, from the array of old Spanish and Mauresque tiles nearly covering the walls of the little Moorish chamber giving on the music-room, and the still finer old Persian tiles along the first flight of the grand staircase, to the wonderful tapestries at the topmost flight—on the one hand, the superb Gobelins illustrating a scene from Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" (one of the treasures of the Hamilton collection), and, facing this, several admirable old Portuguese pieces. The Hamilton tapestry produces an excellent effect from the hall, suspended above a trophy of arms which surmounts a lofty carved oak structure, a continuation of the huge fireplace. Opposite the fireplace, under the staircase, is a richly carved marble fountain, which, I understand, is to be artificially lighted; it was not finished when I saw it. The hall is constructed somewhat on the plan of the court-yard of an old English inn, with a succession of galleries connecting with bedrooms and other private apartments. One chamber is in Byzantine style, with a quaintly carved old bedstead, a painted historical frieze, the dado being of old embossed leather of dull metallic blue, which once belonged to the painter Villegas. Entering from East Sixty-eighth Street—there is no entrance in Madison Avenue—one is brought face to face with the great pictures of Mr. Marquand's collection. On the left wall is Vandyck's splendid full-length portrait of the Duke of Richmond and Lenox, flanked on one side by the famous Rembrandt ("Portrait of a Man") from the Lansdowne collection, and on the other by one of Velasquez's many portraits of Don Balthazar, the little son of Philip IV. On the opposite wall are two upright Constables, "The Lock," with heavy rain clouds—similar in subject

to the well-known picture of that name made familiar by many engravings of it—and a characteristic village scene.

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BEFORE crossing the hall to enter the Oriental room, let us glance at the much-talked-of music-room. When I saw it, it was not yet complete. The precious ebony and ivory furniture designed by Alma Tadema was there, but in Holland covers, and the famous piano case was still at Steinway's factory, being fitted with the works. All the structural parts of the room are in keeping with the general classic scheme. There is an imposing mantel-piece of dark red stone, with a white marble panel as a frieze, carved in deep intaglio, with wonderful under-cutting, introducing numerous figures in a joyous scene of a spring festival, much in the manner of Alma Tadema. Some ancient Etruscan vases are arranged with excellent decorative effect. In front of the great bow window looking out on Madison Avenue is a pedestal which is to hold a noble work of sculpture exhibited at the Paris Salon this year—but not in competition—representing Sappho with her lyre. When the doors of the music-room are thrown open as well as those, at the other end of the hall, of the Oriental room and the connecting dining-room, a splendid vista is presented, to which the Sappho will serve as the focussing point. Alma Tadema's "Reading Homer," now on loan at the Metropolitan Museum, will probably find a permanent resting-place in the music-room, upon the walls of which are now many modern paintings—some presumably only temporarily—and several old masters, including a Franz Hals, a Van der Meer of Delft, a Terborg, a Van der Meer of Leyden, and a portrait of a young lady, full of style and delightful in color, by Gainsborough.

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A NOTABLE feature of this most attractive house is, as I have already intimated, the practical use made by Mr. Marquand of the treasures of industrial art he has collected, working them into the construction wherever it could be done appropriately. In no room has this been so ingeniously effected as in that devoted to the collection of Chinese and Japanese objects of art. The great fireplace is built up entirely of splendid old bronzes, which are combined with striking effect. This is the feature which impresses one most, after recovering from the surprise of finding oneself in a lofty apartment, apparently lined throughout with old red lacquer. The carved red walls and the marvellous carved red roof, perfect in their Chinese feeling, encourage at first this fanciful notion; but on examination one finds they are made of cocobola, a hard and costly Brazilian wood, rarely seen except in the form of a small carving or box for trinkets. It took three years to execute this remarkable wainscot and ceiling. Niches and brackets, to hold special pieces of china and bronze, are worked into the walls; but the greater part of the porcelains is arranged in groups, with reference chiefly to color. I hope some time to have an opportunity of examining in detail this fine collection. At present I can only refer generally to the nobler array of flashed vases, a large tortoise-shell vase of rare beauty, an exquisite grains-of-rice bowl, and, what I suppose must be, the finest hawthorn garniture in this country.

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MR. MARQUAND has a few pieces of old European ceramic ware, the most precious of which are two Gubbio plates and three such specimens of Palissy ware as are seldom found outside of a great museum collection. These are in the dining-room, where there are also two very fine paintings: a Turner of considerable size, representing a street in a Devonshire town, crowded with figures and dated 1808; and a replica by Rembrandt of his "Nativity," in the National Gallery, London.

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THE newspaper paragraph to the effect that Mr. Haseltine had recently sold Mr. John Wanamaker \$200,000 worth of paintings is very nearly true. The sum actually paid by the Philadelphian "dry-goods merchant prince" was \$180,139, and for this he got a varied assortment of the most approved kind, ranging from Toulemouche, Verboeckhoven and Defregger to Millet, Troyon and Corot. The Millet, "Home Life," which has (ostensibly) been sold more than once in the perennial "Haseltine collection," represents a woman sewing and a child playing by her side; it is more finished and is prettier than the better recognized examples of the vigorous peasant painter. There are three Bouguereaus, a single female figure by Kaemmerer, a small replica of

ART IN BOSTON.

the "Graziella," by Lefebvre, in the Catharine Wolfe collection, a fine De Neuville: "Trumpeter of Chasseurs-à-pied at Rest;" Knaus's "Maid of Ischia," a "Zither Player," by Defregger; Detaille's "Horse Guards of England," with one prominent figure in the foreground and other figures in the middle distance; Gérôme's "Arrival of the Caravan," Rosa Bonheur's "Return from the Horse Fair"—a man on a tan-colored horse leading a white horse; Hector Leroux's "Roman Senator Praying to the God of Fever," Couture's "Pierrot before the Correctional"—a variation of "The Trial of Pierrot;" a striking Huguet (59 x 42), representing a Hawking Party, very much like a Fromentin; "The Old Witch," with uncanny surroundings, up in a belfry, looking down upon the city of Florence; "The Captives," by Luminais, representing two beautiful nude women tied to the tails of their captors' horses; that admirable example of Pasini—an upright canvas (42 x 52) crowded with mounted Arabs—"The Meeting of the Chieftains Metualis in the Mountains of Lebanon." Among the few American pictures are "The Proposal," by Jules Stewart, and "Sunset in New York Harbor," by Edward Moran. Besides his fine house in Walnut Street, below Broad, Mr. Haseltine has a country residence near Jenkintown, and his now quite large collection of pictures will be distributed between the two places. As to the enormous canvas by Munkacsy, "Christ before Pilate," it is not improbable that before long we shall hear of its presentation to the Pennsylvania Museum of Fine Arts.

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It is evident from the Union League Club's admirable November exhibition there is to be no falling off from the very high standard of excellence maintained by the committee last winter. Mr. William H. Payne is again chairman, and Mr. George F. Crane is secretary. Among the notable canvases were "Le Parlementaire," by De Neuville, showing a flag-of-truce party of German officers, blindfolded and with a French escort, entering a bombarded village, and running the gauntlet of the infuriated inhabitants; "At the Farm," a large solidly painted picture, by Julien Dupré, of oxen fed by a woman, who is pouring the contents of a pail into a feeding trough; and "The Turkey Pasture," by the late George Fuller, which does impress one much in such superior company as Millet's "Churner," Daubigny's "Morning on the Oise," H. Lerolle's "Peasants Harvesting" and "Nightfall"—among the best examples of that delightful painter in this country—Trovon's "Return from the Pasture," Rousseau's sketchy but masterly "Forest Interior," and "The Oak Charlemagne," by Corot. Messrs. Coffin, Van Borkerck, Wiggins and F. C. & H. Bolton Jones represented the American art.

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SHADES of Rousseau and Diaz! Watelin, the landscape painter, finds it necessary to write to *Le Temps*, to denounce a proposed mutilation of the forest of Fontainebleau by running macadamized roads through it.

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In the Parisian journal, "Gil Blas," Paul de Katow has some entertaining gossip about certain female models who have posed for French painters of our time. Chief among them, perhaps, is Sidonie, who, it is curious to learn, served for all the figures of Baudry's decorations of the Opera House, male and female, without exception. She is noted for her suppleness, her white skin and black hair, the first quality rendering her particularly useful to Baudry, who could not get on without her; the others to Henner, with whom she has been just as much of a favorite. She is to be recognized in many "Henner's" in American collections. Sidonie is not avaricious. Baudry paid her, at first, ten francs per day, but his funds running low, he proposed that she take five francs daily in cash and let the remainder accumulate until the work was finished. She consented; Baudry gave regularly the interest of what he owed her, but died without paying her, and without leaving any account of his indebtedness. Having thus lost at once her employment and her savings, Sidonie was reduced to beg the assistance of the artists whom she had often obliged in her day, and they came promptly to her relief. She got together quite a little collection of pictures, which sold for enough to keep the wolf from her door as long as she lives. Henner's present alone, brought—from Arnold & Tripp—2000 francs. She is now, at twenty-five, the owner of a little one-story house near the Buttes-Chaumont, where she keeps goats and chickens, and sells milk and eggs.

MONTEZUMA.

EVERY new statue must be an "Aunt Sally" for the first few months of its public exposure, and Miss Anne Whitney's beautiful bronze, set up in commemoration of the early Norse discoverers of America, is now passing through that bad quarter of an hour of its existence. I shied my critical sticks at it in these columns when it was first completed in the plaster, so I have only compliments and congratulations to offer now that it is in bright bronze, and stands aloft in the open sunlight at the forks of two of the magnificent new avenues by which the Back Bay district is expanding into the new West End. It is a mighty pretty object there, say what you will about the artist's conception of what a tenth century Viking must have been like, and what were his clothes, armor, and habits as regards shaving. Everybody has said, as I did, that a Viking of course had a beard. But perhaps this archæological conviction has no more substantial basis than the visions of northern knights in Richard Wagner's operas, although the poet, who dressed these heroes with the utmost minutiae of detail, was a scholar in the same lore as gives this real discoverer of America so tardily to the modern world, and it would have been tolerably safe to follow his example as to beard. However, the sculptor has her own vision doubtless to work out, and if she deemed it necessary to her ideal to have her god-like youth beardless, why, she was right to persist in that prepossession, and disregard a multitude of counsels to the contrary. "Vex not thou the poet's mind," shouted Alfred Tennyson in his younger days; "thou canst never fathom it." Time has proved over and over again in most distinguished instances that contemporary criticism "is an ass." If Miss Whitney had given Leif knobby high cheek-bones and a sharp turned-up nose, with broad nostrils, it would have pleased some people better, it appears. These critics evidently believe they know what the pre-historic Iclander was like from observing the emigrants from the Scandinavian lands arriving at Castle Garden. But who shall say what the typical countenance of a race was under pre-historic conditions? According to the poetic chronicles which the best authorities in early Norse literature at the great universities of England and Germany pronounce as authentic as any history ever written, and which furnished the inspiration for this work of art, the Icelanders were in the flower of a superior civilization, while all Northern Europe was still virtually barbarian and the whole continent was struggling in the violence of the Dark Ages. Why not, then, make this youthful leader of a superior civilization beautiful instead of shaggy and repulsive? It is possible that the artist has thought longer and deeper, and looked ahead farther for her statue, than these critics who are so ready and capable to tell her at first glance that she is wrong. As to the pattern of his shirt of armor and the close fit of his skin leggings, with which contemporary criticism has also busied itself, the artist has certainly chosen details that have intrinsic beauty, and harmonize with one another and with her ideal as a whole. The whole monument, with the young figure's graceful, animated pose—planted firmly on its legs, as the hero looks out upon a new and exciting scene, under a hand and arm raised to shield his eyes from the sun—and the prow and stern of a Viking's galley rising before and behind the pedestal sculptured in an unknown alphabet, is charming, unique, and characteristic, piquing the mind with a fresh and alluring subject for contemplation and fancy, which is more than can be said of most statues and monuments. As it was that noble philanthropist and patriot, Olé Bull, who initiated the movement for this monument and laid the foundation of the fund for it with his own efforts, so it is Mrs. Olé Bull, his widow, who has finally carried it through to triumph. A long procession of Scandinavians, with flags and banners and uniforms of strange device, again suggesting Wagnerian myth and music-drama, stretched through Commonwealth Avenue at the dedication, and in chorus sang to flutes and fiddles some characteristic ballad written for the occasion by one of the great Scandinavian composers of the day.

Very different is Mr. Donoghue's statue just completed, also in heroic size, of "The Boxer," alias John L. Sullivan. There need be no discussion as to whether this figure is costumed correctly, for the man stands "in puris naturalibus;" but as there can be no question that it is "John L." and nobody else, this costume is a little startling and embarrassing, and will doubtless provoke fully as much remark as that of Miss Whitney's

Viking. At the very opposite pole of art, as it would itself doubtless insist on being classified, from Miss Whitney's ideal statue, the Boxer is Realism itself. It is a perfect reproduction of the mere athlete—and a very low-born one at that—and nothing more. There is not an idea—to say nothing of ideal—about it; at least nothing further than that this man, when he raises the massive fists hanging doubled near either thick thigh, and launches these battering-rams at you with the force of that immense torso and the spring of those abdominal muscle-plates, will knock you out, and nothing could save you. As a towering mass of muscular anatomy, as a picture and memorial of unrelieved physique, without mental motive or emotion of any kind, it is doubtless what Mr. William Winter would call an "authentic" portrayal of its base subject. But it raises in the spectator only the regret that so much talent has been employed so long on what was so little worth doing. Mr. Donoghue's "Young Sophocles" and "Hunting Nymph" are happily to be brought together to sweeten the exhibition of this monster of muscle, and give the clever young artist some chance for the good opinion of Boston.

A beautiful collection of Greek terra-cotta figures—to go from big things to little ones—has just been added to the catholic and comprehensive exhibition of Greek art at our Museum of Fine Arts, so brilliantly contrasting with the dreary mass and monotony of that in your Cyprianotic Metropolitan Museum. These figures were selected from the Berlin Museum by Mr. Edward Robinson, curator of classical antiquities of the Boston Museum, and have been bought and given to the Museum by Mr. Martin Brimmer. They are of the style commonly called "Tanagra," from the name of the Boeotian village where the first or most important of the finds of these precious and intimate memorials of Greek life, society, and art was made some ten years ago. I believe there are a dozen or so clumsy reproductions of these figurines permitted to be seen at your museum—an oasis in the ranks of Cesnola pottery—but our museum already has the well-known Appleton collection of Tanagra figures, and to these are now added the twenty-nine exquisite figures from Myrina, another little town, but across the Aegean Sea, on the coast of Asia Minor, north of Smyrna. Here have been found almost as many of the lively little terra-cottas as at Tanagra, and of quite as fine an artistic character. It appears from Mr. Robinson's account that it was not until 1870 that Myrina's buried riches were at all suspected, and not until 1880-82 that these figurines were turned up, through the enterprising prospecting of the French Archæological School at Athens. They were found chiefly in the ancient cemetery of the town, the five thousand graves of which yielded some fifteen hundred of these beautiful objects, seven hundred of them being now in the Louvre. Many theories have been advanced as to the significance of the burial of these figures with the dead. As Reinach reports that many of the figures were evidently intentionally broken, one fragment of a statuette being found at one end of a grave and the other half of it at the other end, Mr. Robinson, whose study of such subjects has been carried on in Greece as well as in European museums, advances a theory that the figures found in Greek graves were more associated with the friends of the deceased than with the deceased himself—that is, that they were objects which had belonged to his friends, and were sacrificed thus as a token of the sacrifice his loss was to them. As the charming things were not the work of great artists but of common potters, they show, too, how the artistic impulse pervaded even the humblest classes among the Greeks, as also the capacity to prize and cherish artistic objects. Among the twenty-nine specimens of Mr. Brimmer's gift are several forms of Aphrodite in the archaic forms worshipped as household gods, two of winged Nikés, flying cupids, dancing satyrs, women in graceful drapery, and several almost modern-looking mothers holding children in their arms. Two are very singular, having movable arms, like those of a jointed doll.

The most notable of recent exhibitions has been that with which the St. Botolph Club opened its new house. It comprised many precious and costly French, Spanish, and Italian paintings, together with a couple of new portraits by Sargent, one of which was an odd sketch of Robert Louis Stevenson, full of character and truth, say those who know him. It represented him sitting in a low wicker chair, with his long legs and his long fingers waving in the air, so to speak, and a quizzical smile on his speaking face, as though he enjoyed the artist's prank